WASHINGTON DEBUTANTES.

What Fair Woman Concerns Herself with New-One Bay in the Life of a New York Shop Girl-A Girl Desperado who Died with Ber Boots On-The Result which an Etopement had on a Pamily Feud.

The woman with a genius for bargains is now in her element. All the shops have reduced their winter stock that they may get rid of it and bring in the spring one, and she who gazed longingly at a Virot bonnet, who sighed and went away, looked and longed, may now possess it in delight, and at very little cost,

Some woman body says: "I have ten dollars that I may spend on a bonnet-I scorn any but a French one-therefore, I shall beard the lion in his den, go to the most chic of milliners and get what I want." Does she go in her shabby clothes? Dear no; she would get nothing cheap if she did that. She wears her smartest get up, and she enters the shop as if she were a mil-Honaire, instead of a daughter of toil who gets her bonnets by her glibness of pen. The ideal bonnet is simple, but is chie; it is quiet, and it comes from Virot. She looks and longs, but she realizes that now is her time to be diplomatic. The smiling saleswoman is asked how much it is. "Thirty-five dollars," she responds. "reduced from fifty." Then a request is made that madam will try it on. "Oh, no," says she,
"It is scarcely worth while; I do not intend to
pay that much for a bonnet, and it will be only taking up your time." However, after some persuasion, she yields. It is found becoming. and the milliner dilates on its harmony, its beauty, and its cheapness. Madam quietly removes it, and says: "It is very cheap, but are you thinking, or remembering, that this is midwinter; that you have gotten probably ten times the value of that bonnet in the copies you have made from it, and that in two weeks from now there will be absolutely no sale for it, as you will have to have your spring goods on exhibition?" This is practical common sense that appeals to the milliner, and a jump to \$25 is made at once. The would-be buyer again comes out with a bit of truth. Says she: "I like the bonnet, I think it cheap, but I have just so much money to put in a bonnet, and not one cent more can I giva." The price then goes down to \$15. By this time madam is arrayed in the bonnet in which she appeared, and tells the milliner that she thanks her very much for her kindness, and that as her things are all so pretty she will be certain to come in when she has her spring opening. Quickly she is saked. "How much will you give?" She says, "Ten dollars in cash." As a last straw, the milliner suggests that she pay \$8 then and let \$7 stand on account, but madam is too old a shopper for this. Ten dollars or nothing. She has reached the door; she is almost out, when she is stopped, and after all this diplomatic mancœuring the milliner has \$10, she has the bonnet, and both are satisfied. Cheat the milmer? Certainly not. What she said in the first place was absolutely true. Profit comes in the copying of the French bonnet and not in the sale of it, and this is perfectly well known both by good buyers and good milliners. goes down to \$15. By this time madam is ar-

Before the days of la grippe, when the ladies of Pompell were the belles of the day, posed as the professional beauties, and, for all we know, had their photographs taken and got a percentage on them, well-bred people didn't cry in andkerchiefs. They dropped their tears slowly and gracefully into vials of cut glass that had gold stoppers set about with precious stones. There can be no doubt that the woman with thoughts upon a graceful pose practised with her tear bottle before her mirror, and can there be anything more touching than, when one's best young man was off to the wars, sending him by registered letter a little note saying You have all my heart, and these are the tears

I have wept for you since your absence!" The bottle could be suclosed as practical proof. and the maiden fair would write on the outside and the maiden fair would write on the outside of the envelope in large letters, "Glass—please do not stamp too hard." Those, indeed, were the days of romance! Undoubtedly some very fetching young women, who appreciated the impression made by a bottle of tears, but didn't like getting a red nose, had their slaves do the weeping for them, and physical caltured themselves by administering to the slaves a good sound whipping so that they might have something to weep for.

Nowadays in place of the bottles we have the

bound whipping so that they might have some-thing to weep for.

Nowadays in place of the bottles we have the handkerchiefs: dainty squares that, if my lady is wise, have magic in the web of them. The perfection of a handkerchief is a square of linen awn, fine as silk, with a tiny bordering of feur is its embroidered in white, and a full frill of Valencience lace outlining it. There is a fancy for colored silk musifu ones, and they do adapt themselves very daintly to the different cos-tames: all the laint shades are shown in them, and the embroidery is in silk of many hues. The black handkerchief, which must always ac-company an all-black costume, is of mousseline The black handkerchief, which must always accompany an all-black costume, is of mousseline de soie with a full iffil of French lace about it. One could weep in this very comfortably, but it would be of no earthly use whatever to anybody determined to be in the swim and have the Russian malady. A very fine handkerchief is often ruined by the laundress, who has an idea that she should invieb starch upon it, and then fold it about the size of a postage stamp. The woman of taste knows that her mouchoir should never make the acquaintance of starch, and that it should only be folded twice. Better than keeping it in a case is it to have a special drawer devoted to handkerchiefs alone; line this with a scented silk pad, and have another that goes on top; then they are not all upset when you draw one out, but instead the upper pad is lifted, your kerchiefs are exposed to view, and you can take your choice about mussing all the others.

Since the present intricate arrangement of

multitudinous hooks and mysterious and evasive loops for the fastening of ladies' bodices has rendered unpopular the wearing of watches just inside the dress, with a depending fob chain, the question of where they shall be worn has been answered in a variety of inventions. Sometimes they are attached with a thousand and one other trinkets to the chatelaine, sometimes set in the handle of umbrellas, or in the



however, is a band of lizard skin about two and one-half inches in width and tapering toward the ends, buckled tightly about the left wrist, with an aperture for the insertion of an abourdly small watch. It takes a pretty girlwearer to improve one with the beauty and utility of the arrangement, as it does to expenses the grace of the Greek gown.

The average woman forgets to wind the watch and it is rarely going, or, if it is, it is sure to be wrong. She has to stand on her head to see what time it is, or ask some one else to teil her after she has dislocated both wrist and elbow to see for herself, and she looks like a

elbow to see for herself, and she looks like a conductor with a bell punch strung about his neck. The strong-minded young woman with the watch-bracelet and the illustrious young man who affects sailor bangles are interesting products of advanced civilization.

They chatter about everything when they get together. With equal flippancy Browning, the latest detective story, the last new shape in bonnets, the last idea in morals, the newest thing in frocks, or the latest bit of scandal. each receive consideration. To-day a woman who likes to be cosmopolitan was talking about Mrs. Ballington Booth and her slum brigade. She said. "They've got the pass-key to the hearts of the poor in making themselves of them. You or I, no matter how good our intentions were, could never get the woman of the slums to sit down and confide to us about her man being drunk last night, about her furniture being pawned, or her baby being sick. Without knowing it we'd condescend. and slum people won't stand that. But the woman who has the courage to be just a neighbor, to come in when there's trouble and help with the baby, to be giad to hear of any good news, to be a friend in the hour of sickness and a stand-by when death enters those fearful, squalld holes, is the woman who is going to teach them of the good in life. She is going to teach them how to make their bodies better, and in that way she reaches their souls. make their bodies better, and in that way she reaches their souls.

"Mra. Booth herself is apure aristocrat; you can imagine her as Maffe Antoinette riding to the guillotine, as a model for a Madonna, but without any exception she has the most exquisite flower-like face i have ever seen, Why, a woman setting next to me whispered as we looked at her in that atrocious frock and bonnot. 'How lovely she would look in evening dress,' and I answered. 'Sho's allving proof of the fact that a realiy beautiful woman is always beautiful no matter what her gown may be.'"

There's a girl here in New York who owes her figure to the art of the tailor and to the chief product of the Southern States. She is the sort of woman who loses a charm with of suffering under so much cotton, it is a mystery to me that she doesn't go in for fattening. which is onlie possible if one will only be a little careful. A woman can be fattened exactly as is a Strasbourg goose. Brillat Savarin said, "Gormandizing is favorable to beauty." The thin girl has only to eat correctly and live correctly to get fat. In the first place she must learn to be lazy, and though she must walk a little, it must not be too fast, nor must she go too far. She must eat all the fresh bread rossible, potatoes, in fact, all starchy foods, game, gravies, sweets, nuts, and creams. She must iet tea and sour wines alone; and if her head is pretty good, she must stick to champagns. If she guards her digestion, she can with good result keep a box of plain, sweet chocolates on her dressing table and nibble at them whenever she gots a chance. Do you know how the darkeys in the South say the little plus get fat? It's "picking round the kitchen do'," which, being Anglicized, means eating a little very often. Itubbing tends to make flesh, and a Russian bath once a week will tend to keep it firm. The thin girl has only to eat correctly and live

We are always talking about American girls who marry princes and dukes and earls and mere ordinary, everyday English gentlemen, but how many people know that the pretty Duchesse de Richelieu, who has just become Princess of Monaco, is half an American? Her mother was a Miss Miltenberger, the daughter of an old family of that name in New Orleans. She was educated and lived in France, marrying Heine, the banker, when she was quite a young girl. Alice Heine and one son were born of this marriage. Mile, Heine married the Due de Richelleu at 17, and had by him two children, the present Duc being about 13 years old. For years the Prince of Monaco has wooed her, and at last has had the happiness of winning her. She looks much more like an American than a French woman, being small, slender, and graceful, with pure blond hair, brown eyes, and delicate, beach-like skin peculiar to an American woman. She makes a charming photograph, and it is a little odd that the ardent collectors of pictures of aristocratic beauties here haven't her presentment among those that find so ready a sale. She was educated and lived in France, marry-The popular people, that is the people popu-

lar socially, are the adaptable ones. The man who doesn't believe his host is responsible for that most of the people are strangers to him, or that his clothes are uncomfortable, is the man who is going to be invited out often. The woman who doesn't expect her friends to be always at the fever heat of affection, who doesn't expect them to keep a day book of her likes and dislikes, who doesn't want the best seat in an opera box, and who doesn't complain if she has to entertain somebody who isn't as yet a celebrity, is the comfortable one, and the one that everybody is glad to meet again. She is certain to make even stupid people bright, or, better still, to make them think themselves bright, and she is equally certain to be a tolerably appy person herself, for there is a great deal of truth in what one of the slum sisters so funnily said: "If you make other people 'appy you've a 'appiness in your own 'art that cawn't come in any other way."

If you ask a man how you bad better dress to go to the theatre, he'll say, "Oh, wear a black irock and a little bonnet." Then, if you tell him you haven't got a black frock that is fit to wear, he'll sak "If you don't own some quiet little brown thing?" Very young men and very old men, those nearing their second childhood, like to take out women who are conspicuous by their handsome gowning; but the real man, the best type of the man of the world, prefers that, while a woman is well, she should still be quietly dressed. An observant citizen, who wotes the Democratic ticket, and whose opinions of men in general and women in particular are good, said he'd rather have, when he took out a woman he cared for, a man say to him the next day, "Tommy, my boy, who was that quiet little lady with you last ovening?" than to have him rush up to him and say. "Tom, you can't keep that to yourself. You've got to introduce that stunning creature to me. Never saw such a beauty in my life, What a lucky fellow you are!" Men are a hundred times more sensitive on the subject of refinement in women than women believe, and the young woman who is given to cigurette smoking, who "sinns slang" like a man, who talks about the fellows, and who never flinched before mouse or cow, is apin time to be relegated by them to the world in which she belongs. Men are decidedly the bes ways at the fever heat of affection, who doesn't the horsey one.

The intelligence comes from Paris that white kid gloves are again to be assumed for the kid gloves are again to be assumed for the street. They are not beautiful: they are un-suitable, and they will make the hands look suitable, and they will make the hands look twice as large as any other glove. Just why the Parisian, so famous for her good taste, should choose these is a mystery, but it must be confessed, in sorrow, that half the French fashions in vogue here are not in favor with any women in Paris, for, except when she drives, the Frenchwoman is quite as quiet as the English in her costume.

There is one thing about English women that I wish Americans would imitate, and that is, I heir respect for whatever is real; in furs, in lace, in stuffs, in velvet, or in slik, whatever is really good is worn with a complacent air that expresses the feeling of satisfaction pervading the mind of the wearer. A slik velvet gown is not cast aside just because it is a shade that all the rest of the world is not wearing and the fur that was good yesterday is just as good today, although some other one may have caught the popular fancy a little more pronouncedly. I do not want our women to ever become as dowdy looking, but I do wish that some of them would think over a little what I mean, and have some stability even in taste.

There is too much love in the world, said some one the other day to me. There is too much of a great many things in this world, but not too much of that.

There is too much bad temper.

Too much scandal.

Too much scandal.

Too much hard judgment.

Too much impertinence.

Too much weakness unforgiven.

Too much of bad puns.

Too many courses at dinner.

Too many chestauts.

Too many women who support their husbands. roo many liars.
Too many bores,
Too many tiresome plays,
Too many books written to sell and not to

read.

Too many—no, there are not too many bables, and while there are plenty of bables and plenty of love, there will always be plenty of happiness in this world.

NEW YOUNG FACES AT THE CAPITAL. A Glauce at the Debutantes of the Coming Washington Season.

Washington, Jan. 7 .- Every one at the capital looks forward to the opening of the gay season with anticipation, but no one awaits its coming with such eager expectancy or such brilliant anticipations as do the débutantes. Thanks to the many newcomers who have attractive daughters to introduce, this season's crop of buds is unusually large and fine. In the Cabinet alone there are eight charming young women, all but three of whom, the Misses Halstead, Mrs. Noble's sisters, and Miss Rusk, the daughter of the Secretary of Agriculture, are débutantes. Miss Hattie Blaine, the youngest of the Secretary of State's daughters, is the prettiest one of her family, though she too, possesses the large and strongly marked features of her father, which are handsome in a man, but in a woman denote energy and force of character rather than the softer and weeter virtues. Mr. Blaine has always taken great interest in the education of his daugh-ters, and has insisted on broad, systematic culture rather than the pursuit of one set of ideas. determined that his girls shall be not only well but gracefully developed. Miss Hattie is in consequence well read, well up in the topics of the day, and a good linguist. There is one trait that the Blaine girls possess in common which ought to commend itself to all others, and that is lack of affectation. The recent death of Miss Stanwood, Mrs. Blaine's aged sister, will, of course, affect the prospective gayeties at the home of the Secretary of State, but the younger members of the family will not be expected to go into absolute retire-ment for a relation who, though dear to them, had iong see lived her full quote of ream, and

whose death was the natural end of a wellspent life. The wedding of Miss Margaret
Blaine to Mr. Waiter Damrosch will take place
in February. Before them Mrs. Blaine will introduce Miss Rattle to her friends, but in what
way is not yet decided.

It is hard for those who remember little Nellie Windom. a fair, graceful, attractive child
when her father was in the Senate, to realize
that this winter she will take a real part in the
social life which until now she had only peeped
at through the doors of her mother's drawing
room. Miss Windom is siender and graceful,
with delicate, refined features, and though not
really beautiful, has that which is better than
any tangible beauty, sympathy and responsiveness. She is gentle and kind, full ol consideration for others, and one can never imagine her as a fully developed mondaine.

Miss Proctor, the daughter of the Secretary
of War, is distinctly a New Engiand girl, both
in appearance and character. She is tall and
well formed, with a clear, healthy complexion
and an open, intellectual face, the especial
feature of which is a high noble forehead. She
is not at all sure that she is going to like
Washington society, and frankly owns her
doubts about the matter, Miss Proctor will
spend only part of her time in Washington.
The other part will be given to her mother and
invalid brother, who will remain South during
the cold weather.

Miss Wanamaker's debut was formally made
at her father's country home just outside of
Philadelphia some weeks ago, and glowing

Miss Wanamaker's debut was formally made at her father's country home just outside of Philadelphia some weeks ago, and glowing accounts of the affair, were brought back by those fortunes and affair. Were brought back by these fortunes and will be the provided of the provided of the social gatherings of which there have been a number, quiet cosey affairs, during December, and, ewing to the uniquished condition of the house, the wife of the Fostmaster-tieneral has been unable to be at home to her friends. Bits Wanamaker, however, is sireded a familiar figure in Washington, where she assisted the provided at a familiar figure in Washington, where she assisted the provided at the state of the fostmaster-tieneral is very pretty, graceful, full of life and capacity for enjoyment. She is bright and accomplished, and a good linguist. She knows that her first winter in society and at the capital will be charming, and she amounces it wish so much charming, and she amounces it wish so much class will score more of a success than Miss Miller, daughter of the Attorney-tieneral. She has that faculty for understanding and setting at people that makes one popular. She is attractive in appearance, and bright cordial, and alcertly are, in fact, her principal charms. Then, too, her intimacy with the Harrisons will smooth the way for her.

In the judicial circle there are three buds which will bloom this where; the daughter of the Chief Justice, Miss Mildred Fuller; the daughter of Justice Harlan, and Miss Alice of the Chief Justice, Miss Mildred Fuller; the daughter of Justice Harlan, and Miss Alice of the Chief Justice with the Chief Justice with a society girl as we know her. Their coot than a year ago, the young women of the house made original, and entirely unlike the conventional society girl as we know her. Their coot than a year ago, the young women of the house made original, and entirely unlike the conventional in manner. She is a tail, handsome girl, with a bright, interesting face, and is the literary member of the hou much together last summer in the Alleghanies and anticipate a great deal of pleasure from their first winter at the capital, as they ar favorites of Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. McKee.

MISS M'BRIDE, SHOP GIRL.

Passages in the Life of an Interesting

Young Woman of Avenue A. The first faint gleams of dawn are showing among the sulky mists of Avenue A and stealing through the grimy windows of its cheerless tenement houses as Miss Mattie McBride tosses a lot of kinky hair out of her sleepy eyes and tumbles herself out of bed with a weary sigh. There are two children and a sister in her bed in the tiny inside room which has no window, and so little space that after they are all awake Miss Mattle mounts the bed again to dress herself and the baby that is her special charge. In a small pitcher without any handle is the generous allowance of water which must accomplish the ablutions of the quartet, which has been laboriously carried up five flights of stairs by the same hands it now cleanses. She dashes a little of it hurriedly over her face and the fair full throat rising so white from the faded old pink gown, wipes off the child's face in the same water, twists up the pretty wavy tresses into a coquettish little knot in front of the cracked mirror, and then finishes her toilet on the bed to give her sister a chance at the glass. Very few and shabby are the garments donned inside the smart little gown, for that must be pleasing, though one shiver with cold for want of clothing beneath it. With the child on her shoulder she files into the passage and through into the next room, where man lies heavily sleeping, more children are hovering about a smoking fire, and a heavyeyed woman moves about slowly in a dazed. hopeless way, as she says;
"Your pa's been at it again, Mat, and the

baby cried 'most all night; we'll all be late." There is breakfast to cook, lunches to put up. the children to be taken to the day nursery. for all the women of the household are wage earners, and it is a long distance to cover between this overflowing nest and her station behind the ribbon counter in the big Sixth avenue store; and then there's Jack, who will meet her at the corner if she isn't late, who took her to the theatre last week, where the heroine was an east side waif in the first act, and one of the 400 in the last, and who is to take her to the ball to-night if only they both get home in time. Jack is

and who is to take her to the ball to-night if only they both get home in time. Jack is sure to have a rosebud or a pink an orange or a bit of sweetmeats for her lunch, and a smile that makes everything all right for the day. He sells trousers in a Bowery missit store, and wears the most atrociously loud samples of his stock in trade and a blazing scarlet tie, but she likes him. He has a scraggy little moustache and freckles, and a nose of such generous proportions that one surmises he must have stood at the head of the row when noses and treckles were served, but he is big and strong and kind, and one must have a lover, you know.

So she sitrs up the sullen coals, sets the coffee beiling, dresses another baby meanwhile, gulps down the steaming coffee at last, while she ties up her little package of luncheon with one eye on the clock, coaxes and tries to hire her sister, who is a Grand street cash girl to go this one morning, even if it isn't her turn, to the nursery with the children, for she hasn't any Jack to meet, and at last gets started, with her jaunty little cap ishe made it herself and went without warm lunches to pay for the single gold eagle's leather which makes it so nativ) surmounting a face that would be dimpled and protty but for the indescribable work worn sharpness of its lines and its gray shedows, which lack of food, isck of bathing, and lack of rest invariably bring about. She rings the bell at the nursery, crowds the money due for the day into the hand of one of the older children and flutters away before the bell is answered, skims along the pevenent, and reaches the corner, just in time to see through a quick mist of tears, the bright.

cheeks of Jack's trussers two blocks away in cheeks of Jack's trussers two blocks away in correct fanother.

A miserable little drizels of rain begins, and his shivers in the cold dampness as a she waits masker, with a flashy tie and big shinestone rids, crosses from the other side and started at tailon. The pittini curve melts out of her lites in an instalt, and the tears are dashed away as the says, appricipity. Don't be too fresh, and the says appricipity of the says appricipity. The says appricipity of the says appricipity. The says appricipity of the says appricipity of the says appricipity. The says appricipity of the says appricipity of the says appricipity. The says appricipity of the says appricipity of the says appricipity. The says appricipity of the says appricipity of the says appricipity. The says appricipity of the says appricipity of the says appricipity. The says appricipity of the says appricipity of the says appricipity. The says appricipity of the says appricipity of the says appricipity of the says appricipity. The says appricipity of the says appricipity of the says appricipity. The says appricipity of the says appricipity of the says appricipity. The says appricipity of the says appricipity of the says appricipity. The says appricipity of the says appricipity of the says appricipity. The says appricipity of the says appricipity of the says appricipity of the says appricipity. The says appricipity of the says appricipity of the says appricipity. The says appricipity of the says appricipity of the says appricipity. The says appricipity of the says appricipity of the says appricipity. The says appricipity of the says appricipi a sample to take home and think about, multiply sixteenths by eighths and divide quarrers by halves, scream at the cash boys, quarrer with the parcel clerk, put aside packeges for custome stake care of change "just a minute" for dies to go to the next counter, keep her stock in order, her eyes on the watch for plokpockets, and her temper always under control, and through it all hurry, hurry, hurry, while the noise of the crowded store surges round her and the air grows close with the heat of the gas jets blazing over her head.

A richly soparelied jadycomes haughtily up to the counter while Miss Mattle is trying to figure out how much three and three-sixteenths yards of ribbon would cost at 17% cents a yard, and tells her to show her some reseds green asshribbon. The girl really doesn't hear her, couldn't answer if she did, and goes on puzzling with her fractions while the purchaser fumes at her delay. The elegant lady repeats her command, some one asks her where they keep boys skates, and three girls scramble hast her shouting orders for parcels and screaming the amount of their checks in her ears. The figures

WINTER FASHIONS ABROAD.

One of the popular men-milliners of London has some very original and decided ideas upon the subject of a woman's dress skirt, which should be, according to his theories, a clinging, softly fashioned affair, without steels or stiffness of any kind, and should fit like a sheath instead of standing out on a frame of wire and buckram. Some of his conservative lady customers plead for a single hoop in their dresses, but this he decidedly refuses to supply. because he would rather have three hoops than one, in order that the skirt may be consistent even if it is old fashioned. Sara Bernhardt is his ideal customer, and he has recently designed for her a dream of artistic beauty in the shape of a tea gown. It is of lemon-colored silk, with just a light touch of tilleul green, and so fine atea gown. It is of lemon-colored silk, with just a light touch of tilleul green, and so fine and soft that it would almost pass through a lady's ring. It has no pad no steel, no facings of starched muslin and lace, not even a hem in the skirt—nothing but softly flowing, clinging folds, with only a selvedge at the bottom. A very beautiful idea of a bodice emanating from the same fertile brain is of pink satin veiled with a zouave of pale pink satin rose petals rising very high on the shoulders and encircling the bust like a rasy calyx. For young girls he makes a very effective fichu bodice, which gives a becoming fulness to the slender figure, and is usually composed of two colors, ivory and pink, white and pale green, or yellow and white. Another original bodice is draped with a wide sash of corded silk, its folge crossing in diagonal lines in such a way as to form the entire front of the bodice and then taken to the back and tied at the point of the basque. The model displayed was in white and yellow, but the idea has also been carried out in white and black. The latest novely in bodices, however, is a decoration of embroidery in Paris style with beaver and cherille. The bodice is fitted before the embroidery done thingue about these little embroidered affairs, one of which recently worn being of black satin, decorated with violets—the name flower of the owner,

with her fractions while the purchaser fumes at herdelay. The elegant hady repeats her command, some one asks her where they keep boys' skates, and three girls scramble past her shouting orders for parcels and screaming the amount of their checks in her ears. The figures dance before her eyes, mix themselves up with the numbers the cash boys sing out as they come up to the counter, and the lady turns away to complain to the floor walker of lack of attention. The girl hears his call, "Forward here, forward," sets down the result of her struggle with the figures, making a mistake of fifteen cents, which will be taken out of her salary, and takes down box after box again for this new customer. The lady tosses over the ribbons, mixing the contents of the different boxes together, asking the price of this and the width of that, and something else about the other, has some of them taken to the light at the doorway, then finally manages to carelessly push a roll off onto the floor. The girl stoops to pick it up and the lady riess quickly saying, there is nothing that pleases her, and sweeps out of the store, carrying beneath her handsome manule several pieces of ribbon. Miss McBride misses them immediately sand a quick message to the floor walker secures them again, with another stinging rebuke to her for her stupidity.

While all this is going on a meanly dressed little girl with an envelope full of samples has bought yards on yards of ribbon. All exponsive in quality, from another saleswoman. The girls have a small per cent, on their sales if they exceed a given amount, and customers like the dressmaker's shabby errand girl are welcome visitors. Still the people come thronging in with samples to match, with questions to ask, and with curiosity concerning ribbon and girls have a small per cent, on their sales if they exceed a given amount, and customers like the dressmaker's shabby errand girl are welcome visitors. Still the people come thronging in with another saleswoman. The girls have a small per cent, on the rea A very charming day dress of moss green cloth and velvet, the bodice figured with grad-uated black moons in front and small ones all of one size at the back, was recently the sub-ject of very curious as well as admiring atten-tion, for the bodice was such a lour de force that no one could imagine how the wearer ever got inside it. It was made without scams, exgot inside it. It was made without seams, except the one on the side where it fa-tened, and the fastenings were so cunningly concealed as to defy detection by even feminine eyes. There was only one seam in the full velvet sleeve, and the band of the skirt was made in the new fashion—to fasten over the bodice. Another pretty model is an Italian cloth terra cotts with a fancy border in gobelin blue finished with a band of velvet to make a second edge to the border. This bodice, too, was a puzzle as to fastenings, and the drapery was lifted a little at the bottom to show a glimpse of a velvet skirt beneath. sent her in her stead and walted on.

It required little time to devour the roll and cookies she brought with her from home, and this day, what with the fine in the morning and the mistake in the change, she didn't feel like spending any money for dainties, and besides there was Jack's offering which she missed, and altogether she felt so discouraged she flew along the street a little way and drop ped in to see a friend in another store. Since afternoon "at homes" are given by

gas light, very smart little dresses are worn usually of some bright shade of color. A lizard green silk, shot with red and striped lizard green silk, shot with red and striped with black moiré, is trimmed with cascades of black lace, and a gay little gown of cashmers the color of a rice strawberry is trimmed with velvet of a darker shade, and has Huguenot sleeves puffed at the top and tied in with velvet bows. At other festivities of a nondescript description, at which dressy high-necked gowns are appropriate, the Directoire dress of last season, the Medici collar and puffed sleeves, the picturesque Charles dress and Vandrke gowns of velvet with embroidered points of finest jet are all displayed with countless improvised variations of outline, coloring, and decoration. Black silks are also wern, brightened with a passementerie of shaded silks or with waistcoats of white satin covered with Paris embroidery. One popular model had high epauletted sleeves, a tucked skirt, and a decoration of passementerie in terra cotta. high epauletted sleeves, a tucked skirt, and a decoration of passomenterio in terra cotta, pink, and gobelin blue. The polonaise fastened at one side beneath a border of this exquisite decoration and a panel of the same appeared on the skirt.

In the general revival of forgotten fashion goods in the shape of wing time and below.

missed, and altogether she lett so directoring the few along the street a little way and drop bed in to see a friend in another store.

The hurry and heat of the day had lent a pretty flush to the cheeks: the dark eyes were bright with weariness, and the wavy locks on her damp forehead curied in tight little lassie, but her future was hardly promising, for the plumpness would presently become unmanageable obesity, the delicate skin would thicken, and the features broaden and grow coarse with age. A man said: "Ta ta, dearie," as she passed, and made her smile that naughty, protty, dimpled smile that had not quite laded from her lips or died out of her eyes when she entered the store. A superintendent passing caught the reflection of the smile, listened at a little distance while the two girls chatted, and then, approaching, joined in the conversation. He was very affable and complimentary, brought a brighter glow to the flushed cheeks by complimenting their color, and walked along down to the door, when the interview was ended (as Mattie told Jack afterward): as if I was a way-upper and me coach waited outside. She didn't tell Jack though that the man offered her the easiest place and biggest salary in his dopartment if she would come and work for him. She though of Jack, and hurried on back behind the counter again. lifting down the heavy boxes, adding up the long columns, bearing the general unreasonationess of the ladies who tossed over her stock, standing in her narrow place on two aching feet, all for Jack and something within her which she could not define. A lady who had taked one sight at the the general unreasonableness of the indies who tossed over her stock, standing in her narrow place on two aching feet, all for Jack and something within her which she could not define. A lady who had taked one night at the Working Girl's Club on character and purity came in that afternoon, and actually remembered the girl's face and her name. bought some little trifling thing asked a few kindly questions with such a sweet smile, and then moved swiftly away, with a little silver cross swaying and flashing on her bodice. Somehow the boxes didn't seem quite so heavy after that and vulgar fractions were less petverse.

A funny, good-natured youth came in with such monstrous red hands to buy a ribbon to take home to his country sweetheart, and he didn't really know what he wanted or how to ask for it, and his face kept getting more and more crimson all the time, and a dear little baby in a big green bonnet climbed upon the counter and smiled at her as she held up the bright ribbons, and altogather the afternoon was passing away quite pleasantly, when a strong-minded looking woman in a mannish ulster and rusty Derby sat down and said in a rasping kind of voice: "I am compiling statistics on working women for my next lecture, and would like a few items on the condition of shop girls ain't human beings at all, but just noth." In the general revival of lorgotten hannon grobe, in the shape of wing, tips, and breast, has been restored to favor, and its plumage is used principally for muffs and in headgear. A Parisian house has brought out a so-called Swedish muff of grebe, with a border of otter, lined with cardinal and decorated with a bunch of ribbons of the same tint.

In wedding gowns white seems to have advantage over other materials, and lace veils advantage over other materials, and lace veils are wern thrown back from the face in a manner called shockingly brazen by those less fortunate in the possession of Brussels or point d'Alencon. The dress is made as simply as possible, and with a very long train, and orange blossoms are applied sparingly, while all other flowers, including even myrtle, are taboosed entirely by Parisian fancy. The ladies of the family forming a part of the wedding procession all wear trains, usually in velvet, and though much variety in color is manifest, there seems to be a marked preference for gray in a bright glivery shade. Silver gray velvet and sable is an exquisite combination, and one warranted not to become at all common. The Czarina gown in this combination has the bodice cut in one with the skirt, the right front crossed and fastened over the other beneath a hand of fur, which is continued round the edge of the skirt train, and to wear with it is a small steel capote brightened with steel beads and embroidery.

Gray is one of the most popular colors of the the ascendancy over tuile. These lace veils

stand would like a few items on the condition of shop girls." baid our naughty Miss M.:

"Yes, maam, you just tell people that shop girls ain't human beings at all, but just another of kind of animais for people to look at, like them up to the park. Tell 'ein we are just dead stuck on bein' pitted and written up in the charity things, and stared at when we go out in droves at night. Tell 'ein we are just dead to poor to buy us any hearts, so they just takes spiens instead, and they never even look on the shelf where the brains are at all. Tell 'em we're boor, and hungry, and bad, and live in dreadful places; but tell 'em the very worst thing of all we have to bear is waitin on ladles, standin' their abuse, and catering to their vanity. Tell 'em we bite—" but the astonished woman had fled, and all the girls laughed.

Then the floor walker came up and gave Miss McBride a lecture for sending a remnant C. O. D. to a lady, for the stuff was returned, and informed her that if this occurred many more times she would have to stand the loss, for she ought to have better judgment and not send remnants C. O. D. all over the city for nothing. The swarm of shoppers is thinning, and with visions of meeting Jack surely now and going to the ball with him at 8 o clock, the tired little shop girl began to tidy up the disorderly boxes and put her stock in order for the next day. She thinks she is going to get an early start after all, for only one more box is to be arranged, and it tell lacks fifteen minutes of six, but just then up comes that bane of the shop girl's life—the professional shopper. Box after box is tumbled over, piece after plece of thoon is unrolled, and price after price is queted, the Young girls wear pearl-gray polonaises edged with gray feather trimming, and their older sisters sport dove-colored plush coats, with high Elizabethan collars, high-shouldered sieseves and caps of the same picturesque fashioning embroidered with sliver. One delicate pearl-gray velvet coat of the Louis XV. pattern is decorated with a coquille frilling of pale rose pink arrophane completed with a Galasborough hat of gray plush plumed with rosy-tipped gray feathers.

The popularity of blue is by no means confined to millinery, for several elegant tollets have been recently composed entirely of its fints—sapphire blue velvet with a denni train and the bodice trimmed and toned down with astrakhan. Severes-blue velvet in the form of a pelisse, sweeping the ground an inch or two, hemmed with Russian sable or Orleans blue. In a Princesse robe of valvet, with parrow panels or quills at the side marked with arspectual of the proposed of t season, both for plain and dressy toilets. Young girls wear pearl-gray polonaises edged

Gray is one of the most popular colors of the

cut up at each seam, showing a petticoat frilled with white lace puffing up in contilles at each opening, and a delicious girlish dress pale biue Bengaline, with the bodice platted into a best, drawn down to a point, has a broad brimmed hat to match of plush plumed in blue, Violet and various shades of heliotreps are also in favor for rich tollets, especially in vervet, while delicate touches of gold, occasional crimson, and deep marcon add their touch ef coloring. Green, though gradually declining in favor, is still seen in combination with white. Mahogany-hued velvet, with glimpness of white and gold brocade; chestnut-brown velvet, with revers of Venestan boint; ruby velvet, frilled with palest pink lisse, and Havana velvet, with sleeves a la Veronese, in bright dark blue and gold brocade, all appear in the kaleidescops of fashionable and approved colors and color combinations.

In simpler gowns there are the ever-popular

tartans, which Felix is making up almost without trimming, with sleeves of velvet to without trimming, with sleeves of velvet to correspond with the predominating color in the plaid. A band of fine gold gailoon forms the coliar, a second surrounds the waist and is drawn down to a point in front. Another simple mode of making up tartans and soft woolen checks is to out them en Princesse and shape the grown to the flaure by a number of very narrow darts set close to each other and forming, as it were, a correlet of seams around the waist. Above the bodies is slightly full while below the skirt falls in easy shallow folds. Many of the best French cloth dresses button down the back to some distance below the waist, and have sleeves set into the armhole with a puff consisting of a piece of the material out on the cross, folded together and gathered. It is much wider in the middle than at the ends, and stands well up on the shoulder. Dark dresses are made attractive and pictir to the principle of the principal princip. wider in the middle than at the ends, and stands well up on the shoulder. Dark dresses are made attractive and bright by the introduction of full fronts of some light-colored surah or crupe. forming part of the bodice, or by having their jacket fronts fanten at the throat and waist over a full chemisette of bright crape, or the waist ts cut down square in front over a pour of light bright material. The decoration most approved, however, both for high and low bodices is the fichulait mousseline de soie, white and black lace, or gold lace designs on tulle, and a favorite way of arranging it is to draw its gessamer folds in at the waist through a long narrow buckle either of chased gold or gold set with "Argentine jewels." and shaped so that it adapts itself to the figure.

Parisian ladies have very odd and dainty fancies concerning underwear, upon which they spend fabulous sums of money. One lady they spend fabulous sums of money. One lady who wears nothing but silk underwear of the finest quality, trimmed with frills of delicate lace and always in the most out-of-the-way colors, like willow green, gobelin blue, vieux rose, and other equality asthetic shades. Another lady recently ordered a set of night dresses made exactly like a baby's first slips-the neck gathered into a little yoke, the sleeves with a tiny upturned conff. and a sash of the same material about the waist. The materials were to be the finest cambric and slik and the trimming only the finest and daintiest of needlework. The effect might be very pretty on a small willowy woman with a sweet, youthful face, but would be rather ludicrous should the wearer be of generous girth.

A SYMPOSIUM ON CORSETS. The Theories and Practices of Some Noted

Bingers and Actresses.

Prom the Chicago Prissas.

A cablegram printed in the Tribune a few days lago said that Mrs. James Brown Potter had abandoned the corset.

A murmur was heard in certain quarters. What had Mme. Patit to say on the subject? What had Mme. Patit to say on the subject? A Tribune reporter found the diva in a room filled with the odor of roses. The reporter went at the subject without having been compelled to do so strategically. Maddame motioned Nicolini to a far corner in the room. Then she said, in her own peculiar way:

"I think corsets are the correct thing. Some absolutely perfect figures may dispense with them, of course, but the average woman, and especially the stout ones, cannot afferd to eschew stays. I myself invariably wear them."

"And do you find them injurious?"

"Not in the slightest. But, then, my stays are always extraordinarily loose. Interfere with singing? Why, people don't sing with their stomachs, do they? It must be an oddly formed person who would. As long as one doesn't wear stays about one's throat there can be no interference. Now, I cannot sing with as much as a ribbon condining my throat."

Mme. Emma La Jeunesse-Albani-Gye's apartments at the Grand Facilie were as bright as a glowing fire when the reporter called, When "corsets" were mentioned a slight frown deceened in the clear gray eyes, but it passed as quickly as it came, and in her musical voice Mme. Albani gave her views.

"I believe in stays because I have anways worn them. I shouldn't like at all to go without, and I'm sure the public wouldn't like it. Imagine me, for I am a little stout. You know."

"Plump, madame, only plump."

"And hat is kind of you. Nevertheless you know I shouldn't look well without a corset, I do not think i could keep up even. I believe the support to be essential absolutely."

"Not unless so tight as to interfere with breathing for breathing is singing. You have seen 'The Huguenous' haven't you? Yes. Well, you remember we all have to wear long pointed bodices there—it was the sty

sat smid the ruins of madame's floral offerings and chatted.
"No. Lillian never wears corsets. That is,

and chatted.

"No. Lillian never wears corsets. That is, she never does now—not even for the street or salon. There was a time, years ago, when she wore them, but they were soon discarded. It was simply a matter of comfort with her. After a while she concluded to try them again. She had several pairs manufactured—little loves of stays, all in delicate satins."

"How long did she wear them then?"

"Scarcely at all. One day she said to me: "Mamma dear, I am not as comfortable as I used to be: I shall return to the old ways."

Since then she has never put a corset on."

"Does she substitute a stiff waist?"

"No; she simply wears a thin silk waist, without a suspicton of whalebone in the back and the merest hint of it at the front and sides, we make them all ourselves, so you may be sure they are simplicity personified."

"Cecil, dear, please put your head out of the window; we are having a costume talk, and you really must not listen."

Considering that a fierce rain storm was raging without, Miss Rosina Vokes was making a cool request of her notably loving hubby. Mr. Clay merely grinned quietly, and sank back further into the recesses of the carriage, shutting his oyes as an indication that his ears were closed.

"My dear child, I couldn't dream of not

were closed.

"My dear child, I couldn't dream of not wearing corsets, i should not be able to dance, or sing, or anything. I should be tired to death in no time, injurious! Fudge! Don't you pin your faith to loose-seeming dresses. I know a lot of these Greek-draped actresses who lace tight-tight underneath the flowing draperies. Forgive me if I'm positive—that is my way—but I believe in corsets pure and simple. I believe corsets are just as e-sential for a woman as suspenders are for a man, and one must wear them if one doesn't want one's things all slipping around and off. And then the support. Every decently formed woman needs support. Every decently formed woman needs support. Every decently formed woman needs support. For death of the support of course. Oh! women who are excessively thin could go without stays. I fancy: but then they look all up and down, you know. When to put on corsets? As soon as the figure gives the merest hint of development. It is on the same principle as pinning a band tightly round a baby's dear little body so that its precious back will not get broken. Every woman needs the support of corsets."

Just then Mr. Clay opened the eye and directed an aside to his wife.

"Tight? Gracious, no. I should not want you to suppose I advocated such a thing for a moment. I honestly don't believe in that. Don't tell, though, but I used to be horribly vain. I once wore seventeens—just fancy: as moment. I honestly don't believe in that. Don't tell, though, but I used to be horribly vain. I once wore seventeens—just fancy on the stage then, and one day was at the Newmarket races. I was fancying myself, lassure you, when I heard an old English lord remark, apropos of me: "Good Gawd! She'll come in half." It was o't pleasant, so now I wear my stays loose—quite." were closed.
"My dear child, I couldn't dream of not

apropos of me: "Good Gawd! She'll come in haif." It wasn't pluasant, so now I wear my stays loose—quite.

When Mary Anderson was here a Tribune reporter called on her in reference to this all-round question of corsets. Miss Anderson, in her artistic house gown, looked as innocent of stays as Ferdita.

"Corsets?" with a cold, pale smile. "No, I don't wear them. I see Mrs, Croly (Jennie June) has been telling tales out of school, so I may as well confess, I don't wear stays."

"How did you come to discard them?"

"It was after I went to England. My health was poor, and the doctor ordered outdoor exercise. I took off corsets then, and never put them on again. But then I have no superfluous flesh and am rather too slender. They did not interfere with my posing, but I feel better without them. It's all as you like it." I like it better without. "You wear a corset with conventional dress?"

Never, under any circumstances! And the ladles of my company do not wear them on the stage. Stage dressing is nearly always unconventional, except in society plays, the drappries being from the shoulder and armpit, and stays are manifestly out of place from artistic reasons alone."

"Corsets?" Of course I wear them. Who

figures if they didn't. 'Listen to the Tale of Wea.' Of course any one who sings must wear them loose. I have one now, but look." She took a deep breath which distended the region just above her fluttering heart that is nightly clasped in a jet-black vise, and trilled airlif' 'Listen to the Tale of Wee,' and had plenty of breath to spare after the effort.

BLACK LIST FOR LOVERS

Whose Physical and Moral Status is Below a High Standard - Young Ladies on Their Guard - They Organize a Society to Put a Check Thon Bleamy and the Deception

From the Washington Post. The thriving and enterprising town of Plymouth, Pa., has a novel society. It is known as the Young Ladies' Protective Association, and its primary object is the protection of the matrimonial interests of the young women of the place. Girls between the ages of 17 and 30 are eligible. Ne woman can be admitted over the age of 30. Just why the fean't is explained by a clause in the by-law of the society which reads:

the society which reads:
Sec. 15. No woman over the age of 30 shall be clightly
to membership in this society, because members of that
age would have nothing in common with younger
members, and therefore these persons would be a designment to the organization.

age would have nothing in common with younger members and therefore these persons would be a detiment to the organization.

The society has now a membership of forty-seven, and is still growing. One black ball is sufficient to keep an applicant out. Miss Lilllan C. Hunter, a Sunday-school teacher, is the president of the society, and Miss Mamie Vondersmith is secretary.

In explaining the workings of the society to a Philadelphia Times man, the secretary said:

"Man is full of deception. He doesn't practise it so much on his fellow man as he does on poor, helpless woman. We had a case here in point about two years ago. A young man, who in the town was considered a model, married one of our most beautiful and accomplished young ladies. Three months after the marriage it was found that the man was not a model, but a villain. He had been living a dual life. This fact was known to several ladies, but they did not deem it their duty to inform the prospective bride until it was too late. The young wife died shortly afterward of a broken heart.

"Now, you see with our present organization."

life. This fact was known to several ladies, but they did not deem it their duty to inform the prospective bride until it was too late. The young wife died shortly afterward of a broken heart.

"Now, you see with our present organization there can hardly be a repetition of such foul crime. We meet once a mouth and discuss society, love, and matrimonial affaire. If a young man is paying attention to one of our members we appoint a committee of three to find out just how the young man standafinancially, morally, and otherwise. And you can depend upon it that we find out, too, for what a woman cent find out on such a mission list worth inding out.

"At the next meeting this committee makes a report. If the lover is found to be all right the young lady in the case is notified to that effect. The good parts of the man are fully explained in the presence of all the members. If the man is bad in his every-day life his sweetheart alone is apprised of his faults. Should she continue to receive his attentions she is warned that a continuance of the same will cause her expulsion from the society. "What is still worse, the man is black-listed, and every member of the society knows by this that there is a dark side to his character, although only the committee appointed to investigate his case know all his faults. It a man is poor financially, and it is thought he cannot support a wife, he is marked 'church mouse.' The meaning of this is that if a girl wants to put up on 'church mouse' fare she can.

"No member of the society can receive the attention of a newcomer in town until his pedigree is first obtained. The dudes and mashers are also provided against. It oftentimes happens that a young man will pay marked attention to a young lady and then suddenly leave her for another. In this way some good marriages are delayed. Under the rules of the society and marriages are delayed. Under the rules of the society and marriages are delayed. Under the rules of the society and marriages are delayed. Under the rules of the society

DIED WITH HER BOOTS ON. A Horse Thief that Proved to be a Hand-

some Young Girl.

Pros the Helena Journal.

In the first days of Leadville wagons formed the only means of transportation for the immense quantity of merchandise needed there, and for the shipment of the large output of ore and buillon. As a consequence horses and mules were used in large numbers. Trains of freight wagons lined the roads leading to the great carbonate camp, and it frequently became necessary to turn the stock out after a hard day's journey to graze on the adjoining hillsides. Leadville offered a good market for work stock of all kinds, as animals brought from the East frequently succumbed to the climatic effect of a high allitude and heavy work. Many a freighter reached the top of a hard juil only to see his best work mule lie down and die in the harness. Such inducements and easy sale brought professional horse tileves in abundance. The immunity from punishment

only to see his best work mule lie down and die in the harness. Such inducements and easy sale brought professional horse thieves in abundance. The immunity from punishment that they seemed to enjoy and high prices paid for their plunder stimulated them to constant activity and made them boid in their profession. Saguache county, Col., was a favoritie section for the operations of this fraternity, these gentlemen making their trips with almost the regularity of stage coaches.

After an unusually bold raid a party was oreganized determined to follow the trail and overtake the thieves, and if the depredators were caught to save all county expenses in the way of Sheriff fees and trials. The party started early in the morning, and as the trail was large and hot they were able to follow it almost at a gallon. Following along the west side of the San Luis valley and then through a deille of the Sangre Pe Christo Mountains, the course of the pursuers and pursued emerged into the Arkansas flows into the main stream. Here it was sold that the two parties could only see a short distance apart. The robbers had taken more stock than they could easily handle, and did not seem to be aware that they were being followed. Two of the stockmen from the ranches on the route folined the vigilantes and furnished fresh horses. About noon on the following day the thieves with the stolen stock were discovered camped at the north of Cottonwood Creek. There were but two. One appeared to be a young boy not over 16; the other was a fine-looking young man of berhand 20 or 22 years of age. On being called on to surrender the boy pulled a six-shooter and fired on the vigilantes. At the same time he and his companion immed down behind the bank of the river from which place it was found impossible to dislodge them without the loss of at least three or four men.

After a hurried council of war, it was decided for two men to go down the river, cross over and come up on the other sade to a point where

loss of at least three or four men.

After a hurried council of war, it was decided for two men to go down the river, cross over and come up on the other sade to a point where the fugitives could be easily covered, and the balance to prevent their escape from the position they were in. This was done, and when the thieves were again summoned to surrender, they simply turned and commenced firing at their two pursuers on the opposite side of the river. The fire was returned, and resulted in the boy dropping dead with a broken neck and his companion falling with a builet through the lungs. When the vigilantes went to where they lay the elder was still alive, and the boy was, of course, dead, and proved to be a lovely young girl, with delicate and refined leadures. The one who could still talk refused to tell who they were or from whome they came, only that their people were respectable, and that he desired them to remove his boots, as he did not wish to die with his boots on. He was avidently a man of good education, but positively refused to give any information. In a few hours he, also, was dead, and the two were buried beneath the cottonwoods near the river bank. Their identity was never discovered.



A VETERAN.

I was wounded in the leg at the battle of Stons River, Dec. Hist, 1862. My blood was poisoned from the effects of the wound, and the leg swelled to double its natural size, and remained so for many years. The poison extended to my whole system, and I suffered a thousand deaths. Nothing did me any good until I took Swift's Specific, which took the poison out of my system, and crabled her to feel my system. Swift's Specific, which took the poison out of my system, and enabled use to feel myself man again. S. S. is the remedy for blood poison.

JOHN CONWAY, LORDON, O. Treatise on Blood and Skin Discuses mailed

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